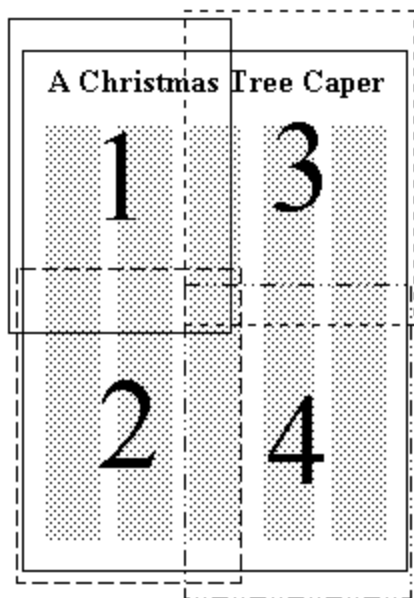


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



## TERRY



SING ME NO SAD SONGS OF THE WOES OF A PILOT'S WIFE, TERRY LEE. I'M A BIG GIRL AND I KNOW WHAT I WANT!

AND THAT'S YOU!... IF EATING BEANS OUT OF CHIPPED PLATES IS YOUR PRICE, BUSTER, YOU'VE STILL MADE YOURSELF A DEAL.



# INSIDE PITCH

by JACK RITCHIE

(© 1967 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

I was inclined to be stubborn. "This ball team needs a woman psychiatrist like it needs a two-headed bat boy."

"Think of the publicity, Tommy," Mr. Donovan said happily. "She photographs nice and that ought to needle up the attendance." He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Maybe you got something there with that two-headed bat boy gimmick. I'll think about it."

He flicked the switch of his inter-com. "Send in Dr. Alden."

Dr. Claudia Alden was twenty-seven, had wheat-colored hair and she was not the type to smile when there was work to be done.

"Tommy Harris," Mr. Donovan said, putting a hand on my shoulder. "My manager and he's crazy about the idea."

Dr. Claudia Alden regarded me objectively for a moment and then reached into her brief case. "Naturally I do not intend to conduct a complete psychoanalysis of each player. My initial interviews will be exploratory. Later I intend to give more time to those most in need of it."

## SHE ADJUSTED HER GLASSES

She extended a typewritten list. "I've made a schedule listing the appointments alphabetically. We begin precisely at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"My dear doctor," I said. "I

He still wasn't satisfied. "But she gets a chance to put in a eight-hour day."

I went upstairs to the small office Dr. Alden had in the upper grandstands. Her glasses were on the desk and she was rubbing her eyes.

I took a seat. "You know, if you'd just—"

She stopped me. "I know. If I'd just keep my glasses off I'd be beautiful. I've heard that three times today."

"I was about to say that if you'd just learn something about baseball, it might be a considerable help."

She folded her hands. "It isn't a question of baseball. After all, I don't have to learn architecture to treat an architect."

She put on her glasses and paged through the papers on her desk. "This Fred Cherney. He seems considerably miffed and frustrated because you make him bump the ball so much."

"Bunt," I said and waited for her to pencil in the correction. "Cherney can't hit a long ball with a hurricane at his back, but he's fast and can beat out a bunt often enough to make it worthwhile."

She put aside that paper and came up with another. "Harry Balbo. He wants to play third base, but you keep him at sec-

## For Airy Windows

Cafe curtains are easy to make, easy to launder. Our leaflet, "Hints on Making Curtains and Draperies" is available again. It tells how to make cafes and other types of window hangings. For your copy, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Willella di Campi, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

and Harrison tried only two knucklers. Both were balls.

At the end of the fifth inning of the third game we were ahead, 5 to 1. Claudia beckoned to me from her box seat on the first base line. "I think you ought to take Laird out. He's tiring. He told me his twins kept him awake most of the night."

I shook my head. "Laird is doing fine."

But in the top of the sixth Philadelphia got to him and the score was knotted before I called Hastings from the bull pen to put out the fire.

The pitching tightened and we went into the top of the ninth with the score still tied.

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### **SHE ADJUSTED HER GLASSES**

She extended a typewritten list. "I've made a schedule listing the appointments alphabetically. We begin precisely at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"My dear doctor," I said. "I hope this doesn't throw you off, but we've got to play a game at that time."

She colored slightly. "Well, in that case we'll begin in the morning." She adjusted her shell glasses. "I intend to discover, in so far as possible, the emotional disturbances that might reduce the efficiency of your men. It is fairly obvious that an unhappy man cannot do his best."

I looked at the list. "What's my name doing here? I'm loaded with happiness."

She regarded me coolly. "Only a moron can be completely happy, and very few of them."

Mr. Donovan stared at her admiringly. "You psychiatrists got us coming and going."

The next morning before practice I took my regular catcher, Aherne, aside and explained to him that he was the first name on the list.

He took a firmer grip on his comic book. "I don't like it. I always get headaches when people make me think."

He came to the afternoon game somewhat resentful. "I told her I had a happy childhood, but she said I wasn't trying."

### **HE STILL WASN'T SATISFIED**

In the third inning, Aherne tossed the ball into right field trying to pick a man off first. In the ninth he muffed a pop foul that should have ended the game. New York took advantage of the break to push over two more runs and we went down, 3 to 2.

After his shower Aherne came to me. "Harrison told me some of them psychiatrists pull down twenty-five bucks or more an hour."

"You got a hundred a game," I said gloomily. "That's fifty bucks an hour for pretending to be a catcher."

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### **SHE STUFFED PAPERS INTO THE CASE**

I nodded. "Harry has delusions about his arm. He needs a running start to make the throw to first."

She stuffed the papers into her brief case. "Tomorrow should be a better day."

We dropped the next day's game, 8 to 1.

Mr. Donovan came to the clubhouse after the game. "They're doing everything wrong out there." He shook his head. "Three passed balls on Aherne in one game."

"Not entirely his fault," I said. "Harrison was pitching cute stuff. He just came off the couch."

I went upstairs to Claudia's office. "Just what particular unhappiness did you detect in Harrison?"

She determined to defend that one. "Why can't he be allowed to throw a variety of pitches? It seems only logical that it would confuse the batters."

"It would confuse him too. He knows only one way to throw and that's forward. But with his speed that's all he needs for now." I leaned over her desk and grinned. "Is there anything else that troubles you? Tell me what comes to your mind."

Her chin went up. "This is my first really big job. I don't intend to quit."

My eyes went to the stack of books on her desk.

She flushed slightly. "They're about baseball. I've been reading the sports pages too."

We lost our series with Brooklyn, but then things picked up a little. Our first two games with Philadelphia were monuments to bad playing, but we won them. Cherney rediscovered bunting

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She studied the scoreboard. "Nevertheless he is a swift neurotic."

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The Philly pitcher kept Nelson close to the bag, but it didn't matter. Welles took a strike and a ball and then lashed a long double between left and center.

Nelson steamed around the bases and slid in under the throw to put us ahead 6 to 5, and that's the way the game ended.

A half an hour later I met Mr. Donovan and Claudia at Dominic's Restaurant.

Mr. Donovan was happy. "The idea's catching on. I hear St. Louis and Milwaukee got themselves psychiatrists. Brooklyn signed two. Bigger job there, you know."

I took a chair. "By the way, doctor, you never did get around to analyzing me. I'm looking forward to it."

She smiled. It was not the smile of a doctor. "Tell me what comes to your mind."

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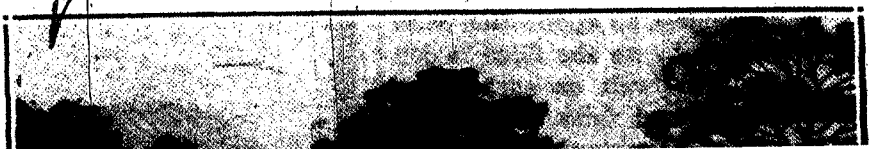
## Six-Room Rancher Lists at \$10,250



Six rooms are provided in this ranch model on display in Pinecrest at Patchogue, a 300-family development on Hospital Road, north of Patchogue-Yaphank Road. Prices start at \$10,250 for this model, according to builders John and Mario A. Bummara. Also available is a \$12,990 split level with seven rooms. Kern Realty is sales agent at the Long Island project.

## Moriches Oaks Set For Unveiling Today

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The Suburban split level, priced from \$15,300, is one of three models shown at 160-family Moriches Oaks.

three miles from the center of Smithtown, L. I. Sponsored by Danser Realty, the project is Moriches Oaks.

Stanley H. Klein, architect, designed the Monterey rancher, starting at \$13,300; the Provincetown Cape Cod, pegged from \$14,800, and the Suburban brick split level, starting at \$15,300.

Each house, set on a plot of 15,000 square feet, is equipped with aluminum windows, folding louver door closets, built-in oven, kitchen exhaust fan, electric stove and warm-air heat.

A 12 by 37-foot basement recreation room finished in wood paneling, plus a fourth bedroom at extra cost are top features in the ranch model, while the Cape Cod has room for two bedrooms and a second full bath on the upper level, in addition to three bedrooms and bath downstairs.

The split-level layout has all bedrooms and a full bath off a large balcony. Also included is a side door exit from the recreation room and sliding aluminum glass doors that lead to the garden.

Al Wolf is sales agent for Moriches Oaks.

## Offer 7-Rm Rancher

Joport Homes in Port Jefferson has opened a seven-room rancher, priced at \$10,490, on Neconset-Port Jefferson Highway, five miles north of Jericho Turnpike.

## New Features In Ranchers

A refrigerator, dishwasher, wall oven, counter top range and washing machine plus eight storm windows are now included in the prices of two ranch models displayed at St. James Estates, a 200-family development on Route 25A in St. James. The models are the Country Rancher and Imperial Rancher, selling for \$13,690 and \$14,490, according to builders Donald G. Partrick and Stanley L. Neisloss. All houses will be placed on quarter-acre sites, Harry Klein Realty reported.

## Beldon Adds Sites

With 28 houses, representing the first three sections, sold out in a short time, builders Joe Katzman and Jack Melstin have acquired 100 additional sites in West Islip and Bay Shore for expansion of their Beldon Homes. A three-bedroom rancher sells for \$7,999 and a model is on Sunrise Highway west of Captree State Parkway. Millay Realty is sales agent.

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